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THE SURGEON OF CALAIS.

(Translated from the French.)

AN AMPUTATION.

In the autumn of 1782, there lived in Calais, a surgeon named Louis Thevenet, who was not only distinguished as a famous operator in that city and its vicinity, but was frequently called across the strait to exercise his talents. He had long served in the army, and still preserved a degree of roughness in his manners, inseparable from that profession—though, indeed, this served only as a foil to his natural good disposition. No one knew Thevenet who did not love him, and, that very roughness, which, in others, without such redeeming qualities, would have been disagreeable, appeared in our friend, divested of all the unpleasantness which, under other circumstances, it might have possessed.

One morning, in the season and year abovementioned, he received a written invitation, but without signature, to repair the next day to a country house on the road to Bairs, and bring with him all the instruments necessary to amputation. The time and place were indicated with the greatest exactness; but Thevenet, somewhat surprised at the anonymous invitation, did not comply with it, supposing that one of his friends wished to have some sport at his expense. Three days after, he received a similar invitation, but more pressing than the first, and with this addition, that on the next day at nine o'clock, a coach would be in attendance to carry him to the place where his presence was required. In fact, the next day, as the clock struck nine, an elegant calash presented itself before his door. Thevenet no longer hesitated, but took his seat in the vehicle.

'To whose residence do you conduct me?' said Thevenet to the coachman, as he seated himself.

'Things unknown to me I am not concerned for,' returned the other.

'So,' said Thevenet to himself, "it is an Englishman, eh!' The coach proceeded, and at length stopped before the door which the note had described.

'Who lives in this house, and who is the patient I am about to visit!' asked Thevenet, as he descended. The coachman only repeated the response that he had given to the first question, and our surgeon, now rather impatient, hastened to enter the house. He was received at the vestibule by a fine-looking young man of about twenty-eight years of age, who conducted him to a large saloon in one of the upper stories of the house. His accent plainly indicated that he was a citizen of England, and our surgeon addressed him in the language of his country.

'It is you, then, who have called me!' exclaimed Thevenet.

'I am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken to visit me,' said the Briton.

'If you wish any refreshment before you commence the operation, you will find it on that table.'

'Show me the patient. I must first examine if the operation be necessary.'

'It *is* necessary, M. Thevenet. Sit down here—I have every confidence in you—listen to me, then. This purse, containing one hundred guineas, is your compensation for the operation which you are about to undertake, whether the result be favorable or not. If you refuse to comply with my request—you see this pistol—it is loaded—you are in my power.'

'Sir, I do not fear you or the pistol. But what do you exact of me! What am I to do here?'

'You must cut off my right leg.'

'With all my heart, and your head also, if it be necessary! But if I am not deceived, your leg is sound, for I saw you ascend the stairs with all the lightness imaginable. In what is this fine limb deficient?'

'In nothing. I desire only to lose it.'

'Sir, you are a fool!'

'That does not concern you, M. Thevenet.'

'What disease, then, affects your leg?'

'None; but have you decided to amputate it?'

'Sir, I know you not. Give me some proof that your reason is not impaired.'

'Will you comply with my demand, M. Thevenet?'

'When you have given me a reasonable motive for this mutilation.'

'At present, I may not tell you the truth—in a year, perhaps; but, sir, I will wager anything, you will then be convinced, that my motives for disencumbering myself of this limb, were of the most noble nature.'

'I will do nothing, unless I know your name, residence, rank, and family.'

'You will learn all that one day, but nothing, now. I pray, you, sir, believe me a man of honor.'

'An honorable man never forces his surgeon to any operation by holding a loaded pistol to his head. Besides, I have duties to fulfil, even towards you, who are unknown to me, and I do not refuse you without reason. But, if you are desirous to become the murderer of the father of an innocent family, here is one in your power—fire.'

'Well, M. Thevenet,' said the Briton, taking the pistol, 'I will not fire; but I know how I can force you to amputate this leg. That which you will neither do at my request, nor for the love of gain, nor fear of a bullet, you will not at least, refuse to do for humanity's sake.'

'How so, sir!'

'I am about to break my leg with this weapon, and under your very eyes.'

The Englishman sat down, and placed the muzzle of the pistol on his knee. Thevenet darted forward to prevent this rash proceeding.

'Do not approach, said the Briton, tranquilly, 'or I will fire. Answer me this question—will you augment, or uselessly prolong my sufferings?'

'Sir, you *are* a fool! But your will be done. I am ready to obey you.'

All was soon ready for the operation, and when the surgeon took his instruments, the Briton lighted his pipe, and swore he would smoke till the operation was finished. He kept his word. The leg lay upon the floor without movement, and still the Briton smoked.

Thevenet performed the operation with his usual ability; and in a short time, thanks to his care, the patient had entirely recovered. He recompensed the surgeon, whom he esteemed more and more every day—thanked him with tears in his eyes for the loss of his leg—and sailed for England, having one of his extremities eked out with wood.

About two months after the Englishman's departure, the surgeon received the following letter from London:—

'You will perceive in this letter a slight evidence of my unbounded gratitude—a check on my Paris banker for two hundred and fifty guineas. You have rendered me the happiest of mortals, by removing the only obstacle to my happiness.

'Learn now the cause which prompted me to a sacrifice, that, at the time, you thought foolish. You pretended that there could exist no reasonable motive for a mutilation like mine. I proposed a wager, which, I think you acted prudently in not accepting.

'After my second return from the West Indies, I became acquainted with Emily Harley, the most accomplished of women. I sought her hand—her fortune and family suited mine: I only thought of her celestial goodness. Ah! my dear Thevenet, I was happy enough to please her; she did not hide it from me, but obstinately refused to accept my hand. In vain I conjured her to comply—to make me the most fortunate of men—in vain her friends joined their entreaties with mine. She remained firm—her resolution could not be shaken.

'It was long ere I could discover the cause of her aversion to a union, that she herself avowed would place her at the summit of happiness. At last one of her sisters discovered to me the fatal secret. Miss Harley possessed charms the most attractive—but she had the misfortune to have only one leg; and, for this reason, had condemned herself to eternal celibacy!

'My resolution was instantly taken. I resolved to resemble her in one particular at least; thanks to you, my dear Thevenet, I became so! I returned to London with a wooden leg. My first care was to be informed of Miss Harley—for the rumor had been spread, and I myself had written to England, that in consequence of falling from a horse, I had broken my leg so badly as to render amputation necessary. I was generally pitied; Emily fell senseless the first time she saw me after my return—and was long inconsolable for my loss; but at length consented that our nuptials should take place. It was not until the day after the ceremony that I acknowledged the sacrifice I had made for her sake. She loves me with more ardor for it. O! my good Thevenet—if I had ten legs to lose, I would give them all, without contortion, for Emily.

'As long as I live, depend upon my gratitude. Come to London, remain some time with us, learn to appreciate the virtues of my charming Emily, and then dare still to say that I was a *fool*."

'CHARLES TEMPLE.'

The surgeon communicated this letter and adventure to his friends, and laughed hearty each time he related it. 'He is not the less a fool for all,' he used always to add. He replied in these terms to the letter of his English friend:

'SIR:—I thank you for your generous present, for I can call it by no other name, the draft which your letter contained, as I was already magnificently paid for what you have been pleased to call my trouble.

'I wish yourself and your charming wife much happiness in your union. It is true, that to give a leg for a lady, tender, affectionate, and virtuous, is not too much, if the happiness should last. It cost Adam one of his ribs for the possession of Eve: and it is more than one man whom it had cost a head to be possessed of a mistress, Notwithstanding all this, however, I pray you allow me to hold my first opinion. Doubtless, for the time being, you may be right, for you are at this moment in the enjoyment of the honey moon.—But I have not the less truth on my side; with this difference, that its correctness can only be tested by time, like many other facts that we are not willing at this day to admit.

'Remember this, sir! I fear that in two years you will repent not having the amputation performed below the knee. You will find that it might have been cut off still lower. In three years, you will become satisfied, that a loss of a foot would have sufficed. After four years, you will think a great toe all sufficient. After five, you will hold to the little finger; and finally, you will be entirely satisfied, that to lose a single nail, without there is actual necessity for the same, is an egregious folly.

'All this is said without attempting to detract a particle from the merit of your *suidesante mortie*. In my youth, I would have given my life any day for my mistress, but never my leg; for I should have feared repenting it the rest of my life. In fact, had I done so, each moment would have found me saying to myself, 'Thevenet, thou art a fool!' I have the honor to be, &c.

'L. THEVENET.'

'In the year 1792, the Surgeon of Calais, accused of aristocratic sentiments by one of his young professional associates, who envied his success and the extent of his practice, fled to London to prevent the connecting link between his body and head becoming acquainted with the guillotine. He was out of employment, and without even acquaintances. In this strait he inquired for Sir Charles Temple. His hotel was pointed out; Thevenet announced himself, and was instantly admitted. On a large sofa, with a flask of wine near him, sat a large personage. His *obesite* was such that he was hardly able to raise himself.

'What, Monsieur Thevenet! welcome, welcome!' cried the fat *Anglaise*, who was no other than Sir Charles Temple himself.—Do not be offended that I receive you seated; for my cursed leg does not allow me to do anything. Friend, you have doubtless come to see if, *in the long run*,' you were right?

'I come as a fugitive to seek an asylum among you.'

'You must remain with us, for, in truth, you are a wise man. You will console me. Do you know, Thevenet, that I should have been an Admiral of the Blue, if this abominable wooden leg had not rendered me useless to my country? I pass my life in reading the papers, and swearing at that which I cannot participate in. Stay here—you shall console me.

'Your charming wife will console you, doubtless, much better than I can.

'Oh! as to that, no. Her wooden leg prevents her from parading the streets and running to balls; but she has given herself up to cards and scandal. It is almost impossible to live with her. In other respects she is a fine woman.'

'How! I was right then, I—'

'Oh! a thousand times, my dear Thevenet; but do not mention a word about it. I have committed a silly act. If I had my leg still, I would not give the *paring* of a nail. Between us, I *was a fool*; but keep that truth to yourself.'

Our exchange papers are generally so dull, that we are at a loss what to select for our columns. The New York Star is the paper that we most cut from, being full of racy articles. We present from that paper the following gossip concerning the Queen, and commend it to our fair readers, knowing that they will learn thereby how sad a thing must be the glare of conspicuous fashion, and the effulgence of a crown.

LIVERPOOL, *December* 16, 1837.

The Queen is so much the topic of discourse here, that I still think I shall be justified in continuing to give your readers as much of the news about her as possible. In fact, we have little news about anything else, and therefore take this—or none.

The Court will not remove until two days before Christmas. Preparations are now in progress for the Queen's reception at Windsor. By the way, it is said, that her Majesty will not again make Brighton her autumn residence. Various are the assigned causes for her presumed dislike to the Pavilion. One is, that it is only a make believe residence. When she went over the habitation, a few days after she arrived at Brighton, she asked, "How is it that I cannot have a glimpse of the sea from any window here?" There was no reply, so she added, "A pretty marine palace this is."

The Brighton newspapers declare, one and all, that she will revisit that place next autumn, and so forth.

Lord Elphinstone, we are told, is on his way back from India. He was appointed Governor of Madras (rumor says at the instance of the late King) to get him out of the way of her Majesty, then Princess Victoria. His lordship is said to be one of the finest young men among the aristocracy.

Lord Elphinstone was a Lord of the Bedchamber to the late King, who was very fond of him. He had a pension on the Civil List, being possessed of very little fortune. He also was a captain in the Royal Horse Guards—he resigned his pension and his commission in going out to India. It is believed that the Princess Victoria was very fond of him, and that the *penchant* continues to the present time. We shall soon discover the truth of this and other reports—that is, if the Lord Elphinstone be really on his return.

The Queen, as you are probably aware, may marry a subject. Indeed, there is a growing dislike in the nation of foreign alliances. I know no one more likely to please her fancy than the Queen, if Lord Elphinstone be the approved one. She has also displayed a determined spirit—let me give you the last recorded instance.

When the Queen succeeded to the Crown in June, one of the earliest measures was to take up the royal household. Lists were made of the persons in each department. The medical list was submitted to the Queen, the first names being Sir Henry Halford, Sir Matthew Tierney, and other pillars of the Royal College of Physicians. "Sir J. Clark is *my* physician," quietly remarked the Queen. "Oh, certainly, your majesty; his name shall be added to the list." Accordingly it was placed at the foot of the medical roll. The list was again read to the Queen. "There is a mistake," said she, "*my* physician must come first, afterwards you may put what names you please, but HIS must be first." So it was placed first.—When the official list reached the College of Physicians (a very exclusive set are its members) they were in a tremendous *take*, especially as it appeared that "*my* physician actually was not a member of that ilk. They immediately had a diploma made out and sent to him, never dreaming that it could be refused. But the Baronet haughtily declined it, and to this day, Sir H. Halford, President of the Royal College of Physicians, stands only second on the list of the Queen's medical attendants.

Now we must come back to Lord Elphinstone, as I read he is poor. His family, however, are very ancient. They are clearly to be traced up to the commencement of the 13th century, and three of the de Elphinstones (Allen, Duncan, and John) are among the Scotch barons who swore fealty to Edward I. in 1296. The first of the family who was made a Peer of Parliament, (in 1509,) fell at the battle of Flodden Field in 1513. John, 13th Lord Elphinstone, was born 30th June, 1807, and is consequently in his 31st year. He succeeded to the title before he was six years old. His uncle, Admiral Elphinstone, will succeed to the title, should his Lordship die unmarried or without legitimate male issue. Should Lord Elphinstone really espouse the Queen, he would have no authority, whatever, as her consort. But it is more than probable that he would be advanced to the highest dignity in the peerage. Their children would be the heirs to the throne, Prince George of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, was not associated with his wife in the royal power—indeed, she could not have done it—but he had the order of the Bath and garter conferred upon him, and was also appointed Lord High Admiral of England. All these speculations, however, are nothing but table talk. We must wait and see what time brings about.

The Queen has given a commission to Sir David Wilkie, to paint a historical picture for her. She has named the subject, viz: the first Privy Council held by her at Kensington, on her accession to the throne. This is a subject worthy of being properly treated, and comes exactly within Wilke's scope as an artist—he will make it what Lawrence called "half history." It will contain, of course, the portraits of a great many statesmen of different politics. Wilkie has already made a sketch of it, which the Queen has seen and expressed her approval of.

The Queen is about forming a new private band. The lovers of music did hope that it would be formed after the model of that of George IV. which was distinguished all over Europe. The late band (made up by Queen Adelaide) was really very contemptible. The Sovereign's own taste for music is said to be great, and therefore it was thought she would have made good appointments. She has, in fact, decided who the musicians shall be—for they attended at the new palace a few evenings ago, and played alternately with the band of the Cold-stream Guards. The new band will be very much the same as Queen Adelaide's was. It will include about 20 performers, and each will have £150 per annum.

Several changes are said to be on the *tapis* as regards the Royal Household. One will be the change of name of the honorable corps of "Gentlemen at Arms." Before the accession of William IV. they were called "Gentlemen Pensioners." Their new title will be "The State Body Guard," a name which will certainly convey a more correct idea of their real duties.

It may amuse some of your readers to know that the Queen is a stickler for etiquette—indeed quite a martinet as to that point. When the convocation of the Clergy went up to her, three weeks ago, with an address, it was read by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The deputation appeared in full canonicals, and each of them had the honor to "kiss hands." But when the deputation with the addresses from Lords and Commons waited on the Queen, she would not allow them this honor. Indeed, it is believed that she considered herself rather cavalierly treated—for not one-third of the party wore court dresses. And some of them walked from the Parliament house to the new palace through the mud, and thus went before the Queen. Col. Evans wore his Spanish uniform and order. Peel—the out of office—wore the official garb of a Cabinet Minister. But while the Whigs were out in 1834–5, they did the same. O'Connel and Hume went in their usual dress.

The Coronation will take place in June. The Queen has ordered a new Crown to be made. It will be a very small one, and worn on the back of the head, as you may see in portraits of Queen Elizabeth. There will be no colored jewels in it, but plenty of diamonds. It is the custom, in England, that each Sovereign shall have a new Coronation crown. People wonder, already, whether Victoria will wear hers *after* the coronation, it being contrary to etiquette to wear it *before*. If she attempt to wear the State crown, it will be a laughable thing. It was too large, even for her late uncle, and if she puts it on it will quietly extinguish her—that is, it will rest on her shoulders. It might, by great padding, be contrived to fit upon her head, but the effect would be ludicrous, in the extreme. When she opened Parliament, the State Crown was borne before her, on a cushion. It may be, that when etiquette requires her to wear a diadem, she will wear her own new crown, and have the Imperial crown by her side. Thus, this *awful* dilemma may be adjusted.

The devices which will be employed as ornaments on the new crown are five—the Rose, Thistle, Shamrock, Oak-leaf, and the Fleur-de-lis. It strikes me that is bad taste—aye, though it be that of a lady—to retain or rather to resume the French emblem after we have voluntarily given up even the shadow of a right to it. When the Union of Great Britain and Ireland took place, in 1800, George III. gave up the absurd addition of *France* among his titles of royalty. His grand-daughter, it seems, will not give up the emblem.

A short time since, the Princess Mary, of Cambridge completed her fourth year. There was a juvenile feat on this occasion, and the Queen surprised them all by going to it without being asked.

Queen Adelaide is very fond of children. She has adopted three of Earl Howe's *ten*, and also a daughter of the late Lady de Lisle's—one of William the Fourth's family. The Queen Dowager continues at St. Leonard's in good health.

Queen Victoria returns to London immediately after the Christmas holidays. Her drawing-rooms will not be commenced till February, and a most brilliant season was anticipated. Her Majesty has a real guelph passion for splendor and show. The tradesmen are calling everything after her—Victoria bonnets, Victoria velvets, Victoria gloves, and so on.

The Queen's repeated visits to the Opera Buffa, Covent Garden Theatre, and Drury Lane Theatre, ought to do something for these places of amusement. She goes in as quiet a way as possible, sits in her private box, (where she can scarcely be seen,) and yet the audiences will *not* allow her to rest in quiet. The moment they see her a shout of "The Queen" arises, the performance stops—the orchestra strike up "God save the Queen," (the vocal performers do not join, unless it be a public visit) and the poor lady is then obliged to come in front and courtesy her thanks.

She visited Covent Garden last week, as well as Drury Lane. She went to see Rooke's new and most successful opera, Amilie, which has been judiciously curtailed. Miss Shirreff and Phillips do it justice. A chorus, in the second act, "To the Mountain," is one of the finest things of the sort ever composed; and all the finales are admirable. One critic cleverly observed that "the music was written as if Rossini had never been born." Mr. Rooke, as a dramatic musician, has made a hit. The audience, as usual, kicked up a row when they found the Queen was present, they called for "God save the Queen," and when it was done, the Sovereign was obliged to come forward and make an obeisance of acknowledgment. The Duchess of Kent and the Lord Chamberlain accompanied her. The party remained until the whole performances were over.

When the Queen paid her private visit to Drury Lane Theatre last week, she had with her a suit of seven persons, viz: The Duchess of Sutherland, the Marquis of Conyngham, Lady Caroline Barrington, Hon. Miss Cocks, Lord Byron, Hon. Col. Cavendish, and Hon. Col. Grey. The Queen went expressly to hear Balfe's new opera, Joan of Arc.

This is a pretty piece and will be popular. There is a sprinkling of pretty and pleasant melodies, with clever orchestral effects, but no originality in anything. You hear Balfe's music, it pleases you, but your memory carries none of it away. The overture is shocking, and was badly played, when the Queen heard it.

"Joan of Arc ends (as all Balfe's operas do) with a drinking chorus, and Giubelei does justice to a solo description of a battle. A sestett, "Hark, the pealing thunder," has merit, and the same must be said of a chorus of peasants, "Freedom to our Country." One ballad, sang by Balfe, and expected to be much better than his "Light of other Days," turned out to be a dead failure. It is called "The Peace of the Valley." The popular piece of the opera is, "But the Trumpet shall sound on the Tower," sung by Miss Romer; and really a brilliant piece. Segium and Miss Poole have a comic duet, "Through the village where I Pass," which is lively and original. Balfe, Seguin and Giubelei have a bass trio, "Hark! 'tis the soul exciting Drum," which went off flatly, because it is forced, neck and heels, into the opera. On the whole, critics allow "Joan of Arc a place below the siege of Rochelle, but above the Maid of Artois.

The Queen is said to have expressed her delight at the music of Amilie, the new opera by Mr. Rooke, who was Balfe's master. It is indeed very fine; I alluded to it in my last.

THE LADY AND THE BUTCHER.—Much food has been afforded for gossip in Leeds during the last two days, in consequence of a report that a young lady, the daughter of a clergyman, the rector of a parish some miles from Leeds, and allied to a noble family, had eloped with the butler during the absence of her father. On Tuesday morning during the absence of the rector with a portion of the family at York, the young lady put into execution a design, long entertained, of running away with a butcher, of near forty years of age, residing in the village, who had formerly filled the situation of butler and footman in the family. For this purpose a chaise had been engaged to wait in the vicinity of the house, and about seven o'clock the lady, accompanied by her intended, and a younger sister, who had acted throughout the affair as her confidante, left home and passed through Leeds, with the intention of being married, it is said, at Liverpool. Soon after their departure a friend of the injured father thought it his duty to take steps to frustrate the objects of the party, and to effect that end he despatched intelligence of the flight to the police office at Leeds. Mr. Heywood immediately sent some of his force to the different toll bars in the neighborhood, and to the residences of the registers under the new marriage act; and he himself, learning that a party answering the description of the fugitives had been seen walking in the direction of Huddersfield, took a chaise and proceeded with all speed in that direction. On arriving near Churwell, he came in sight of a chaise travelling at a very rapid rate. He suspected that this vehicle contained the parties of whom he was in pursuit, nor was he deceived; for, on running up to the chaise, (his horse being exhausted) he discovered the two ladies and the butcher. It was in vain they assured him he was mistaken in his object. Mr. Heywood transferred the ladies to his chaise, and shortly afterwards returned with them to Leeds. In the meantime news of the transaction had been forwarded to the Hon. and Rev. Mr. ——, who arrived at home in time to meet his daughter on Tuesday afternoon. Of the interview, of course, nothing is known; but, whatever may have been the paternal remonstrance used on the occasion, they seem to have produced but little effect on the lady; for she determinedly told him she would be married, and on the following morning,—measures of detention being useless—she again left home and proceeded to Leeds, at which place she now remains, awaiting the completion of a marriage settlement, restricting the property of which she is possessed to her control, when it is understood that her nuptials with the butcher will take place.—*Leeds Mercury*.

The Leeds Times adds to the above account, that "finding all attempts to prevent the union vain, the father at length gave his consent, and we believe the marriage has since been solemnised. The lady is the daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Cathcart, vicar of Kippax, and is not only highly accomplished, but possessed of great personal attractions. The gentleman, who has succeeded in gaining her affections, is Mr. Lodge, an inn-keeper and butcher, in the same neighborhood. The lady is, we understand, possessed of, and entitled to, considerable property in her own right."

A Snake Story.—A curious fact in Natural History was related sometime since by Dr. Anselmi, Professor of Natural History at Turin. A snake in Italy, Serpe Neda, the Coluber Natrix of Linnæus, is well known to be extremely fond of milk, and the Italian peasantry pretend that it makes its way into dairies, to gratify its inclination. They even assert that it is sometimes found entwined round the legs of cows, drawing milk from their teats. Of this fact, Dr. Anselmi had an opportunity once of being an eye witness. He says:

"Walking, as usual, one morning, on the road called the Park, bordered by pastures containing a great number of sheep and horned cattle, I observed a small but vigorous cow, separate from the others, and lowing, with her head raised in the air, her ears erect, and shaking her tail. Surprised at the noise she made, I seated myself on the bank of a stream, and followed her wherever she went with my eyes. After running for some minutes, she suddenly stopped in a sequestered spot, and began to ruminate. Inquisitive to discover the cause, I went to the place. After going into a pond to drink, she came out and waited on the brink for a black snake, which crept from among the bushes and approached her, entwined himself round her legs, and began to suck her milk. I observed this phenomenon two successive days, without informing the herdsman. The third day I informed him of it, and he told me that for some time the cow kicked at the approach of her calf, and that she could not without difficulty be compelled to suffer it to suck. We took away the snake, which we killed. On the succeeding day, the cow, after in vain waiting for her suckling, ran about the meadow in such a manner that the herdsman was obliged to shut her up."

BENT-ON POSSESSING GOOD RUM.—The Manchester Whig announces the marriage of Mr. J. W. Benton to Mrs. Malinda S. Goodrum.—*N. O. Picayune*.